29TH DECEMBER 1931, LATE NIGHT
OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO
A BACK ALLEY IN THE INDUSTRIAL AREA
SETTLE THINGS PEACE-FULLY, YEAH? OKAY?
AH, UM, CAN WE, LOOK, DO IT PEACE-FULLY?
WE'RE ADULTS AFTER ALL.
IF IT'S US, WE CAN DO IT!
RIGHT?

PROLOGUE III: THE DELINQUENTS

PLEASE, PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU!
BUT I DON'T HAVE A SINGLE CENT ON ME RIGHT NOW, SO SORRY ABOUT THAT.
SO THAT'S WHY, YOU CAN, LOWER YOUR GUNS, 'KAY? 'KAY?
I'M BEGGING YOU, I'M SO SCARED I'M GOING INSANE!
I'M BEGGING YOU, SO LOWER YOUR GUNS—
STILL... IS HE REALLY SUCH A PATHETIC GUY?
IT'S THAT TATTOO. HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF SWORD TATTOO ON HIS FACE, SO THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT.
HEY,
YOU SURE WE'VE GOT THE RIGHT GUY?
WHY DON'T WE ASK THE GUY HIMSELF?

UUU...
I DON'T HAVE A MAMA—
HEY, QUIT CRYING. WE'RE GOING TO ASK YOU SOME SIMPLE QUESTIONS NOW.
IF YOU GIVE US THE ANSWERS WE'LL LET YOU SCAMPER HOME TO MAMA, NO PROBLEM.
WHUP
HIG YAA AH!
D'YA EVEN UNDER-STAND THE SITUATION YOU'RE IN?!
I SAID "WE'LL ASK SOME SIMPLE QUESTIONS, SO ANSWER THEM", YOU FUCKIN' LOWLIFE!
HUH? WHAT DID I SAY JUST NOW?
THEN TELL US YOUR NAME, SLOWLY AND CLEARLY!
grind
grind
IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO MAKE YOU A NEW NOSTRIL, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO BREATHE OUT OF A NEW HOLE IN YOUR HEAD...
GOT IT, YOU PATHETIC BLUBBERING BASTARD?

HIC... HIC... JA-JACUZZI-
JACUZZI SPLOTT.
HA, YOU SHITTING ME?
WE WERE HAVING A LOOK-SEE TA SEE IF WE COULD FIND THE HIDEOUT OF THE GUYS WHO GAVE THE RUSSO FAMILY SUCH A HARD TIME,
AND THIS FELLOW WHOSE LOOKS MATCH THE DESCRIPTION EXACTLY COMES STROLLING ALONG WITH A STUPID LOOK ON HIS FACE,
AND THEY SAY HE'S THE REAL BOSS?
THIS AIN'T THE LEAST BIT FUNNY, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
AIN'T THIS SORTA A LET-DOWN?
STOMP
STOMP

JUST WHAT?
Y-YOU SAY WE RUINED YOUR TURF... HIC... BUT WE WERE JUST...
AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF, YOU STARTED ROBBING THE SHOPS UNDER OUR PROTECTION.
YOUR LITTLE FACTION GOT TOGETHER AND TOTALLY GOT IN THE WAY OF OUR BUSINESS,
YOU MADE AND SOLD LIQUOR FREELY,
JUST HOW THE HELL IS THAT NOT DESTROYING OUR TURF?

WHEN WE STARTED SELLING ALCOHOL AT THE VERY BEGINNING,
BUT, BUT!
IT'S TRUE WE'RE THE VILLAINS.
GRIP
THAT'S WHY... THAT'S WHY,
I DECIDED.
WEREN'T YOU THE ONES THAT KILLED OFF EIGHT OF OUR FRIENDS?!
I SWEAR, NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME OR MONEY IT TAKES, WE'RE GONNA GET EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOUR BUDDIES...
IF YOU SCREW AROUND WITH US, DON'T EXPECT TO GET A PEACEFUL DEATH
HIC
MORE IMPOR-TANTLY,
WE'LL FIGHT AGAINST THE RUSSO FAMILY
TO THE BITTER END!!

HEY...
HURRY UP AND LOWER YOUR GUNS?
AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, I DON'T WANT YOU KIIIIILLED.
I HATE IT HATE IT HATE IT HATE IT HATE IT HATE IT!!
I'M S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-SCARED!! REALLY! REALLY SCAAAAARED
I- I HATE SEEING BLOOD,
AND HEARING THE SOUND OF BONES BREAKING!
AND PEOPLE DYING!!
I CAN'T HELP IT, I'M REALLY, REALLY, REAAAAALLY SCARED!!
DONNY?
THESE PEOPLE ARE DEFINITELY GOING TO LOWER THEIR GUUUUNS!
THAT'S WHY, YEAH? WAIT, DONNY. WAIT! I'M BEGGING YOU, PLEASE.

THAT'S NOT IT.
WHAT'S THAT? WHO'RE YOU REFERRING TO?
WHAT HE'S AFRAID OF IS—?!
DONNY!
PLEASE WAIT!!

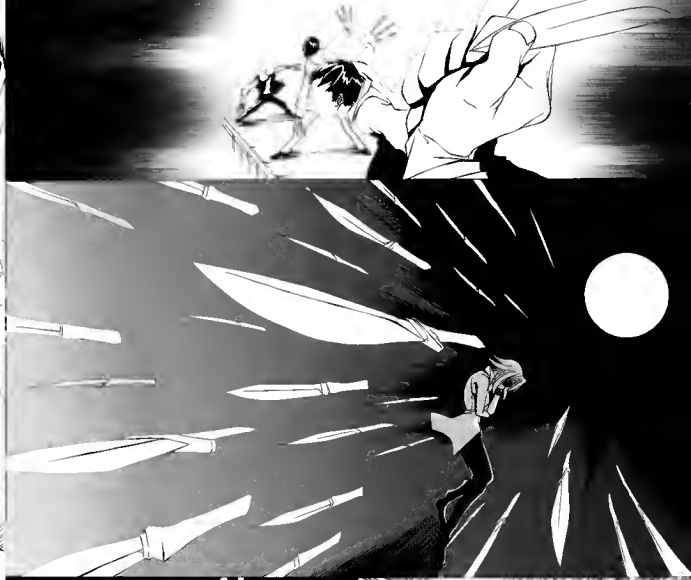
WHO'S THIS DONNY?!
CRUNCH...
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

GRIND
GRIND
GRIND
GRIND
GRIND
GRIND
GAH...
AAAA AUUR GHH!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOOO OOUU UU?!
HURRY UP AND SHOOT HIM DOWN!!
IT'S- IT'S A MONST- EEEEER!!
THE HELL'RE YOU DOING?!
Vaa—

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT THE... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS?!
HOW ARE YOU ON THIS VERY FINE DAY?
WHIP

THUD
WHUP
AGHAA?!
AHH...
WHAT DID I JUST SAY?
BOOM
YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!!
I ASKED, "HOW ARE YOU ON THIS VERY FINE DAY?"
WHAM
DID I NOT?

EEK...!
AH...
W-
WA-WAIT! I UNDER-STAND! MY BAD
I LOWERED MY GUN! I DON'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS ON ME ANYMORE!
SO STOP! YOU HATE BLOOD AND THE SOUND OF BREAKING BONES, RIGHT? SO—
HE'S PASSED OUT.
My condolences
A GRE-NADE ...?!
BOOM
GRAB
GOD DAMMIT!
DON'T SCREW AROUND WITH ME, DAMMIT, DON'T LOOK DOWN ON ME, YOU SHITTY BRATS!!

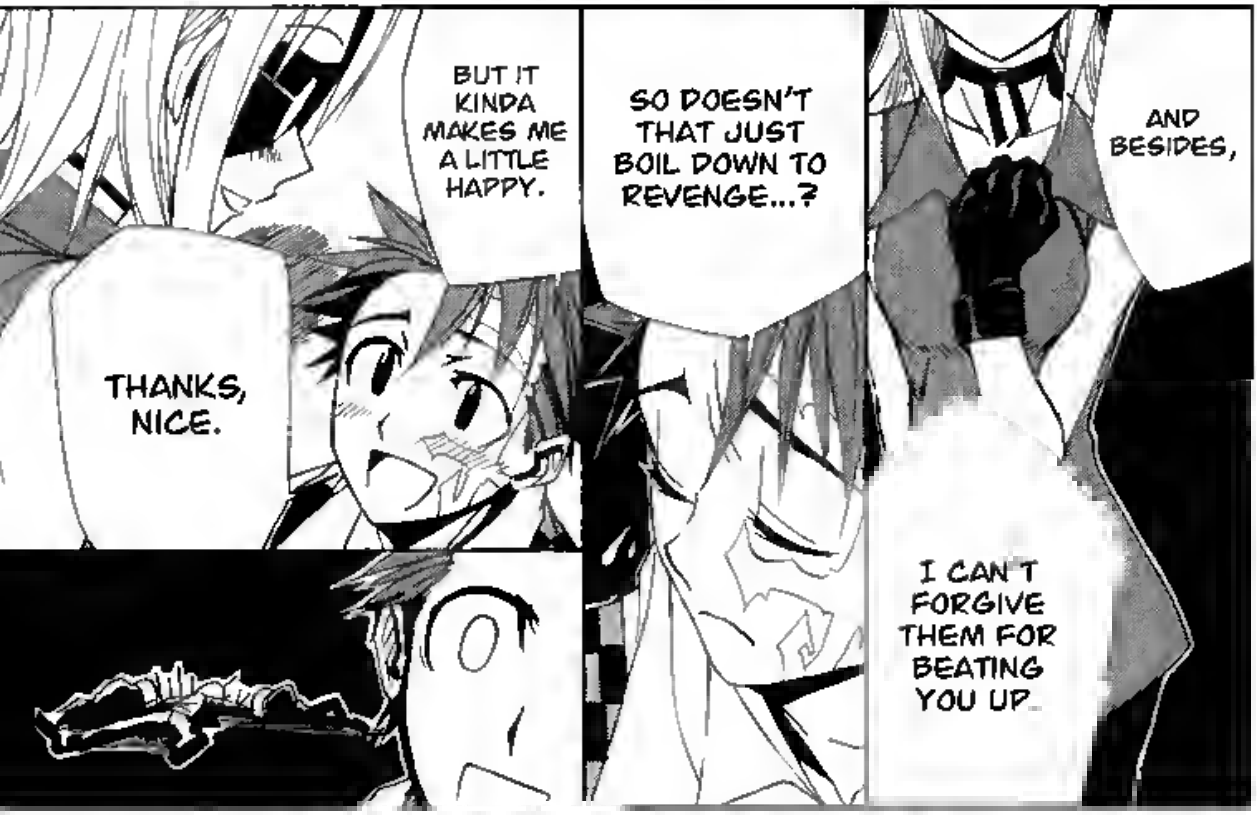


STAB STAB STAB STAB STAB

You gottabe fucking kidding me. what the hell is this? I just dropped by to check out this place and have a little look-see. So why the hell do I have to die such a fricking weird death in a dump like this ahhhh quit pulling my leg but what is this it's amazingly pretty all these silver lights are coming towards me —— (0.1 seconds)

AAAAA AAAAHH! EVERYONE DIEEEE EEED!!
THE BLOOD IS RED, THEIR FACES ARE PALE, IT'S GROOOO OOSS...
GOOD JOB, JACUZZI.
WE SNARED THEM IN OUR TRAP, JUST THE WAY YOU TOLD US TO.
UUUUU, BUT, BUT, BUT!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL THEM ALL...

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE ABOUT IT.
LOOKING AT IT FAR-SIGHTEDLY, THEY'D BE KILLED BY JACUZZI SOON ANYWAY.
ANYWAY, THEY'RE THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING KENNY AND THE OTHERS.
THAT'S WHAT ALL THE SURVIVORS SAID.


AND BESIDES,
I CAN'T FORGIVE THEM FOR BEATING YOU UP.
SO DOESN'T THAT JUST BOIL DOWN TO REVENGE...?
BUT IT KINDA MAKES ME A LITTLE HAPPY.
THANKS, NICE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT'RE YOU SCARED OF NOW?
shaka

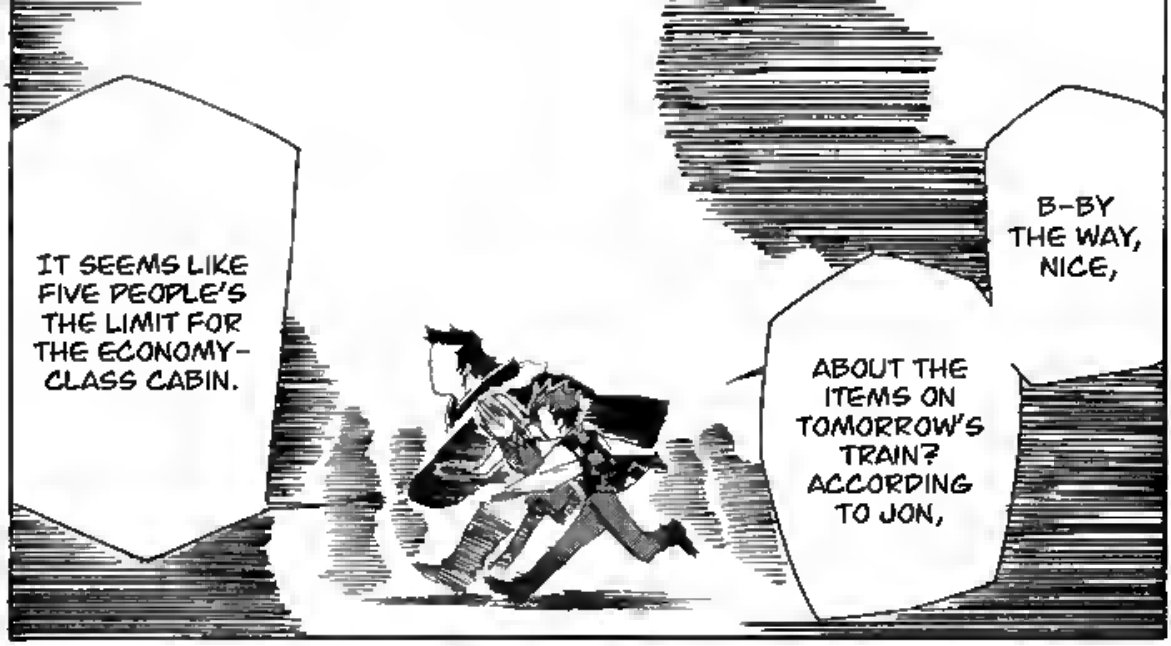
I don't get you at all
AND BEFORE THAT HE WAS CRYIN' ABOUT HOW SCARY PRAWNS' EYES WERE.
JUST THE OTHER DAY HE WAS BLABBERING ABOUT BEING SCARED OF MARTIANS.
I mean, seriously?
AND HE GETS SCARED OF THINGS LIKE BIG RAINBOWS, HUH.
AH, NO, WELL, I'M JUST A LITTLE WORRIED.
ABOUT WHETHER THE CORPSES WILL RISE UP AND SLAUGHTER US ALL.
KEEP THE FACTS SEPARATE FROM FICTION...
GRINCH
L-LEAVE IT TO ME, I-I'LL KILL THEM, THOR-OUGHLY!
CORPSES RISING UP, SUCKING BLOOD, WORRYING, SCARY!!
OOOOOH
AH, DONNY THINKS SO TOO? YAY, I'M NOT ALONE.
YOU HAVE TO TREAT THE DEAD WITH RESPECT!
WAAAH! STOP IT, DONNY!

WHAT DID YOU SAY JUST NOW?
...CHINESE STYLE, THOUGH.
HUH? NICE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
PREPARING A MEMORIAL SERVICE RESPECT-FULLY.
NICE!!
NICE?
NICE...
HEY, IT CAN'T BE, CAN'T BE, RIGHT?
IT'S GOING TO BE DANGEROUS IF YOU DON'T RUN AWAY QUICKLY, YOU KNOW. ♪
NOW THEN.
あああああ
aa aa aa a aa

KABOOM
AH...
AH...
patter
patter
DON'T CRY, OKAY? LOOK, THE CORPSES HAVE BEEN SCATTERED INTO PIECES.
THEY WON'T COME BACK TO LIFE OR SOMETHING ANYMORE, SO DON'T WORRY.
I DID IT ALL FOR JACUZZI'S SAKE.
LIAR!!
YOU JUST WANTED TO USE YOUR BOMBS, RIGHT?!
YOU JUST WANTED TO SEE SOME EXPLO-SIONS!

YUP, THAT'S EXACTLY IT.
N-N-N-N-NICE!! I'M GONNA BEAT YOU UP LATER!
NO WAY, NO WAY. JACUZZI CAN'T POSSIBLY DO SOMETHING SO BARBARIC.
A-A-A-ANYWAY, RATHER THAN JUST RUNNING AWAY, WE HAVE TO RUN AWAY VERY QUICKLY!!
RIGHT?
EH—? WHY?
WEEELL, UUUM,
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHY I TOLD YOU TO NOT USE GUNS TODAY?
ISN'T IT BECAUSE GUNSHOTS ARE SCARY?
'CUZ IT'S A WASTE OF BULLETS, RIGHT?
I MEAN, WE DON'T HAVE GUNS AND STUFF WITH US, RIGHT?
HYAA HAA!

YOU JUST HAD TO SET OFF A FEW BOMBS!!
B-B-BUT DESPITE ALL THAT,
IT'S BECAUSE THE POLICE AND OTHER FAMILIES' MEMBERS ARE GOING TO NOTICE IF WE MAKE LOUD NOISES!!
DASH
EVERY-ONE, GET A MOVE ON!
WE HAVE TO LEAVE THIS PLACE RIGHT NOW!!
HURRY, QUICK!
WHAT'S A 'CHILD PRODI-GY'?
YOU'RE THE CHILD PRODIGY OF THIS PROHI-BITION ERA!
YOU'RE AMAZIN', JACUZZI. YOU SURE ARE SMART, HUH!
I SEE, SO THAT'S HOW IT IS!
EH?!
BEATS ME!
HYA HAA!
HE AIN'T OUR BOSS FOR NUTHIN!


IT SEEMS LIKE FIVE PEOPLE'S THE LIMIT FOR THE ECONOMY-CLASS CABIN.
B-BY THE WAY, NICE,
ABOUT THE ITEMS ON TOMORROW'S TRAIN? ACCORDING TO JON,

YOU CAN DECIDE WHO THE OTHER TWO WILL BE.
IS IT ALL RIGHT WITH JUST FIVE PEOPLE?
THAT'S WHY IT'LL BE ME, YOU AND DONNY.

'BOMBS', HM? ♡
AND IT'LL JUST BE UNNATURAL WITH A LOT OF US.
YUP. THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE ALL HAVE TO TRAVEL TOGETHER BY TRAIN,
SINCE ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SNEAK INTO THE HOLD AND HELP OURSELVES TO THE TREASURES.

BESIDES,
FAN AND JON ARE ALREADY ON BOARD.
OK
WELL THEN, 4 P.M. TOMORROW,
AT THE CHICAGO UNION STATION!

WILL IT GO SMOOTHLY? WILL IT BE OKAY?
BUT I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO TAKING THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL SPECIAL EXPRESS,
THE FLYING PUSSYFOOT.
THAT'S WHY, FOR TOMORROW, AT LEAST—
IT'D BE WONDERFUL IF WE COULD END THE DAY WITHOUT TEARS, RIGHT?

バッカーノ!NG

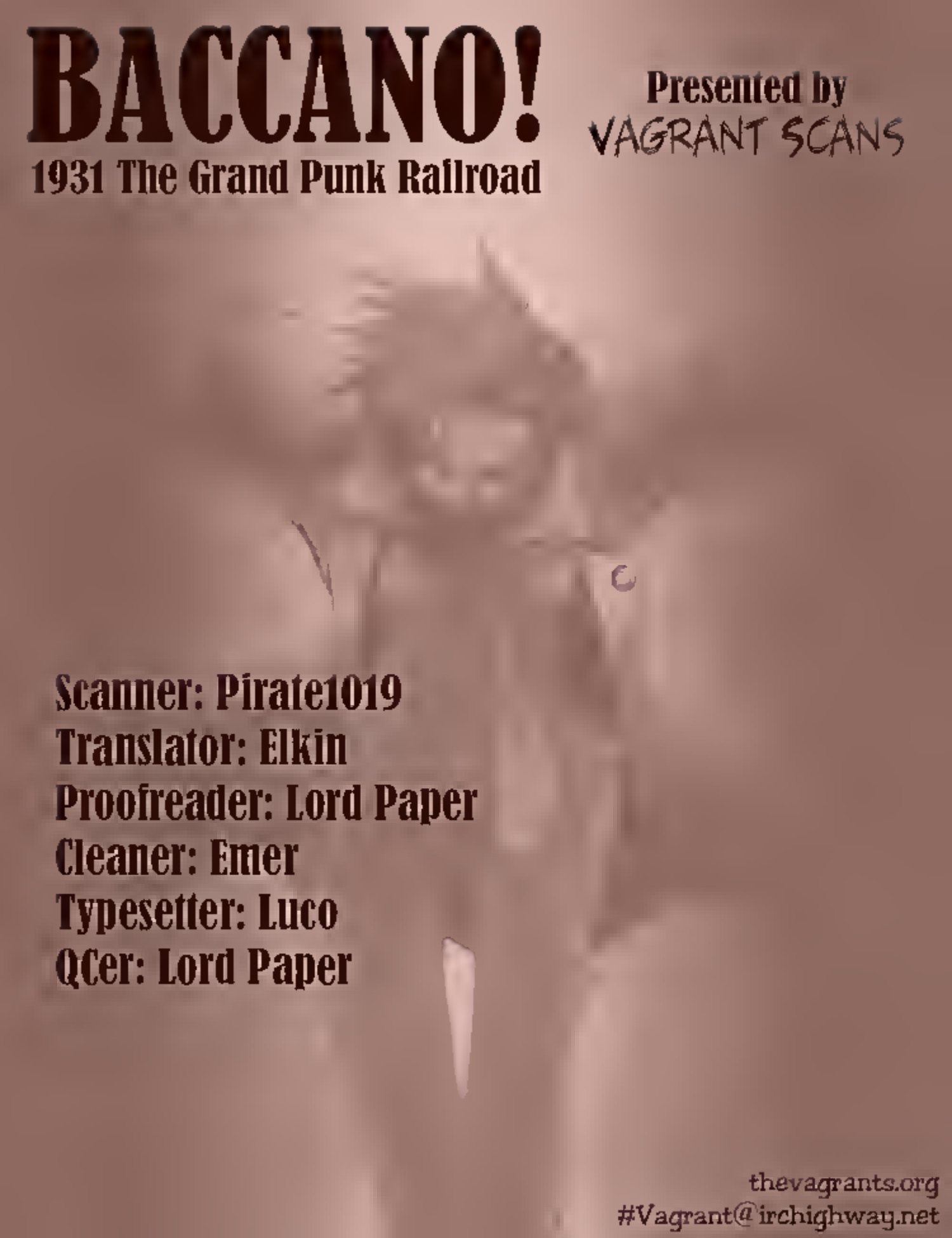
HyaHa!

THE CHINESE WHO CREATED A LOT OF TOPICAL DISCUSSION.
I FINALLY MANAGED TO DRAW HER ON THE BACK COVER (LAUGH)
I HAD THIS DESIGN OF A BESPECTACLED 'KILLER DEMON' ENGRAVED IN MY HEAD, BUT I GAVE UP ON THE NOTION OF DRAWING HIM BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH MORE THAN A BRIEF APPEARANCE.IT WAS ALSO AROUND THIS TIME WHEN I DISCOVERED TO MY SURPRISE THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER GIRL BESIDES NICE AMONGST JACUZZI'S FRIENDS.

BACCANO!

1931 The Grand Punk Railroad

Presented by
VAGRANT SCANS



Scanner: Pirate1019
Translator: Elkin
Proofreader: Lord Paper
Cleaner: Emer
Typesetter: Luco
QCer: Lord Paper

thevagrants.org
#Vagrant@irchighway.net